

# FIFTY FOURTH SCHOOL DINNER



NOVEMBER EIGHTEENTH 1943





# TOIKE OIKE

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY,  
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY.

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## Guest of Honour



Lt.-Col. George Drew, Premier of Ontario

## THE TOIKE OIKE

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graduates of the Faculty of  
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### EDITORIAL

Fifty-four years ago the School of Practical Science at Toronto witnessed the first School Dinner ever to be held by a body of engineering students in this province. How different an affair must it have been to that which we are attending tonight. What may we learn by casting our minds back to that little group which met to dine together one night fifty-four years ago?

Perhaps the first thing we notice is the dissimilar frame of mind in which those students approached this event to that in which we approach it. Not theirs were the doubts, the puzzlement and the uncertainty which attend those who are here tonight. Their world, so they assumed, was a world of safety, of permanence and of peace. To them was to belong the planning and the execution of the culminating years of that golden age, the nineteenth century. Europe and the world at large, but for the short-lived and inconclusive Franco-Prussian war, had been untroubled by strife since the end of the Napoleonic threat almost a century before in 1815. British supremacy was regarded as a direct edict of God and the diplomat's despatch case knew only Her Majesty's note of displeasure; the wildest poten-

tate would quake in his shoes at the shake of a gunboat. Appeasement had not as yet entered the diplomatic vocabulary.

These were the days that knew the missions to the "South Sea Islands", and "the White Man's Burden", and that were soon to know Teddy Roosevelt's White Fleet and his "big stick". Final improvements on the Suez Canal had been finished shortly before, and work, although fated to failure had been begun on the Panama Canal. The achievements of Thomas Alva Edison and Alexander Graham Bell were still fresh and exciting in the mind of the world. The electric motor and generator, and soon the internal combustion engine, were opening up the vision of new and unlimited possibilities in the world of those early students.

It was an age of industrial and economic imperialism. People had successfully misunderstood and exaggerated the lessons to be learnt from the work of men like Jeremy Bentham, Adam Smith and Charles Darwin, and writers of the calibre of Samuel Butler had gone unnoticed to wait to be "discovered" forty or fifty years later by another generation. The industrial revolution had long been a fact, and entrepreneurs and their newly adopted and rapidly multiplying proteges, the engineers, were in their golden era. To all signs it should have been an age ripe with the possibility of a new advance for humanity in its long uphill struggle for deliverance.

And we are now enjoying the advantages of that progress and enlightenment which they bequeathed to us. With their progress we are in the middle of the second of two devastating world-wide wars, and with the fruits of their enlightenment we have seen two post-war generations, disillusioned and with no sure faith.

*(Continued on page 7)*



## Drew, Guest of Honour, Has Distinguished Career

In the fifty-four years of its history the School Dinner has had many distinguished speakers in attendance but to-night marks the first occasion on which the Premier of Ontario has honoured us with his eloquence. Se it is with great pride that we welcome Lt.-Colonel George A. Drew, K.C., who in addition to his duties as Premier, also functions as the Minister of Education for this province. It is in this latter capacity that he speaks to-night addressing the students of one of the most important units in the educational system of Ontario.

George Drew was born at Guelph on May 7, 1894, son of the late John J. Drew, K.C., and grandson of the late George A. Drew, Q.C., M.P., a member of the first parliament of Confederation. His early education took place at Guelph public school and collegiate institute. Midway through collegiate he transferred to Upper Canada College and finished his secondary schooling there.

Drew entered the U. of T. as a student in University College and spent two years as an undergraduate before enlisting in the 16th Battery, C.E.F., in 1914. Proceeding overseas the next year he was in action for two years and being wounded was returned to Canada 1917. In 1920 Drew took command of the 16th Battery in Guelph and remained in charge for nine years, when he was given command of the 11th Field Brigade which won the Shaughnessy Cup for general efficiency for the whole of Canada in 1930, 1931, and 1932. As an adjunct to his military career Drew served as aide-de-camp to His Excellency Lord Bessborough, while Bessborough was Governor-General of Canada.

After being released from the active army in 1919, Drew studied at Osgoode Hall and read law with Ryckman, Denison, and Foster of Toronto and C. L. Dunbar, K.C., of Guelph. He was called to the bar of Ontario in 1920 and practised law in Guelph until 1925 when, as well as being elected Mayor of Guelph, he was appointed Assistant Master of the Supreme Court of Ontario. Four years later he was advanced to become Master of that court. In 1931 he was given the signal honour of being chosen the first chairman of the Ontario Securities Commission, which position he occupied for three years. During this time he was appointed a King's Counsel.

In the election of 1936 Drew acted as chairman of the Liberal-Conservative campaign committee for Ontario. Apparently any lack of success on the part of this committee was not blamed on Drew, as in December, 1938, he was elected leader of the Conservative party in Ontario. In the Simcoe-East byelections of the following year he was elected to the provincial legislature by acclamation. Last August he was successful in leading the Progressive-Conservative party to victory at the polls and became Premier of Ontario.

Lieut.-Colonel Drew was married in 1936 to Florenza Johnson, daughter of Edward Johnson, Manager of the Metropolitan Opera Company. They now have a family consisting of one son and one daughter. Drew is a member of the Society of Freemasons and of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. His recreations include golf, fishing and squash. In his spare time he has authored numerous books including "Canada's Fighting Airmen", "Salesman of Death" and "The Truth About War Debts".

## MENU

CHILLED APPLE JUICE

\* \*

CHICKEN A LA KING ON SAVOURY FRITTER

WHIPPED POTATOES

FRESH GREEN BEANS

BUTTERED TURNIPS

\* \*

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM CANAPE

\* \*

ROLLS

COFFEE

# PROGRAMME

Chairman - - - - JOHN WARD

THE KING

THE UNIVERSITY

"THE BLUE AND WHITE"

\* \*

PRESENTATION OF SCHOLARSHIPS

THE GUEST OF HONOUR

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE A. DREW, K.C.  
Prime Minister of Ontario  
Minister of Education

PRESENTATION OF THE GOLDEN KEYS

THE SCHOOL

"Toike Oike, Toike Oike, Ollum Te Chollum  
Te Chay, School of Science, School of Science  
Hurray, Hurray, Hurray.

GOD SAVE THE KING

# The Sampuc Tac

meow



meow

It seems that there was once a character loose in the world by the monicker of Little Red Riding Hood, renowned in verse and fable. Now this character upon reaching the age of moronity proved to be both attractive and fecund and in due course of time begat and brought forth young. This alarming habit continued unto the third and fourth generation and finally there was arrived at a little Red Riding Hood the fifth, in our present day domain.

Now this little fifth character one day emulated her ancestor by setting out on a journey through the woods to visit her grandmother. But it was no evidence of filial devotion that drew her to the old lady; her granmammy it happen't ran the best still this side of Hart House tower, and the kid ran the stuff for her, in fact she was the go-between for the Faculty Union and the old lady.

So, humming a few bars of "Cody is a Dody, but he buys my Scotch and Sody," littlest R.R.H. packed up her empties in the market basket (was it red? No no no, no!) and wandered up the banks of the Taddle, carefully picking her way past the remains of the Lost Battalion of the C.O.T.C., who perished in the retreat from Hanlan's Point.

As she progressed through the wilds of Bloor St., stopping only to inhale two Black Horse and a Molson, she met a wolf. "Go away, J. Roy," she said, "I'm too busy now—maybe later!"

*(Continued on page 8)*

"Engineers have hairy ears parlez-vous,

Oh engineers have hairy ears parley-vous,

Engineers have hairy ears  
Nothin' between 'em but fume of beers  
Inky-dinky parlay-voooz."

Humming the above little ditty as he strode back and forth, Brig-General George A. Whew, Premier of the Province of Ontario, was observed last night in conference with his team of ghostly writers as they prepared his speech for the S.P.S. School Dinner.

Said one wraith as he made a disgustingly ectoplasmic noise with his ectoplasmic teeth, "Now, look George, ya gotta tell these engineers right off the bat that you don't mind speaking to them even if you are a good old Arts man yourself. That's important because we can't get along without street-cleaners and garbage collectors and sewer cleaner-outers. After all that's the biggest contribution them engineers make to the welfare of this province."

Brig-Gen. Whew leered at the ghost writer and said, "Nuts, whadda I wanta speak to them guys fer. After all, think o' me dignity as premeer of this hyar province. Do you think the food'll be any good at Hart House?"

A second ghost writer leaned over and tapped Whew on his cranium and said, "Geez, Georgie, ya gotta look out for that that fellah Tangent McSliderule, the President of the Engineering Society.

*(Continued on page 7)*



## SPORTS OIKE

A month and a half has now elapsed and we are well into our sports calendar; far enough to begin hazarding a guess at the teams headed for the play-offs.

We will start with rugby. It seems that both of School's teams have a good chance for the play-offs in their respective leagues. All they really need is a bit of support from School, that is, we want to see more spectators at the games. When Jr. School defeated the Army team on Nov. 11th in one of the best played games of the season there were at the most 25 men from School which was negligible compared to the supporters of the opposing team. THIS SORT OF THING MUST STOP: COME ON SCHOOL! GET OUT AND SUPPORT YOUR TEAM!

In lacrosse the Seniors look as if they are headed for the Dafoe Cup again this year to repeat their performance of the last three years. The Soccer team has so far remained undefeated but do not seem to be able to get more goals than their opponents. School is also going to make a repeat performance in the swim league. As a matter of fact unless a miracle happens all three teams in the Swim league should end up at the top of their groups. On the track School is also taking most of the meets. All this seems to lead to the conclusion that School should be at leading the T. A. Reed Trophy race but this is not so. The reason for this is that only the good athletics are turning out for sports; but this is not the way we are going to win the Trophy as the majority of points are given for participating, not for winning. With this in mind School's Athletic Association two years ago inaugurated School own inter-departmental teams. These are again going to be run in the sports that everyone

can participate, namely baseball and basketball. Remember when you are asked to participate in some sport, you will not be pitted against Intercollegiate players. The whole Intramural system is based on this principle.

Now as for the future, we have these departmental teams that have to be organized: so if you think that you would like to be a manager of one of these teams put your application in at the Engineering Society Office. Also the organization of School's hockey teams will begin pretty soon, so for those interested, watch the notice board.

*(Continued from page 6)*

They tell me he's in cahoots with W.L.M.K."

Brig-Gen. Whew turned a livid red when he heard those initials and immediately started to scream at his ghost writer, "Why you dirty little son of a &%\$) (fc \$\$\$§ whaddaya mean mentioning his name in here? Yer fired! Yer all fired! Better I should go over tuh Hart House and make my own speech even if I do sound like an Arts-man."

He was last seen hurling rotten onions at oil portraits of Mitchell F. Heartburn, Gordon Doughnunt and Harry C. Nicknock and screaming in a high-pitched voice over and over again, "Whyntcha tell me it was gonna be like this you punks? Eh? Whyntcha tell me this job was gonna drive me slugnuttty. Purty soon I'm gonna be just as bad as that there fellah

Alley Cat."

*(Continued from page 2)*

How can we profit from the mistakes, not of those students, but of their contemporaries? How can we help assure in the years to come that it will not take another war, or another social or economic disaster of like magnitude to put

us on the road again, for wars and depressions make costly sign posts. Whatever be the method we come infinitely better equipped, for if it can indeed be said to have any outstanding characteristics, that of our generation is cynicism. And cynicism, if not an entirely commendable attitude, is at least a sure measure of latent, if misdirected, intelligence and curiosity. Very little we accept at face value, although certain educators may disagree with us here. Respect for authority has never been a predominant feature of North American life, but respect for the accomplishments of others, particularly in the Horatio Alger tradition, very definitely has been such a feature. This attitude is seen to be very lacking in youth to-day, who exhibit a remarkable tendency to question the methods of persons in high places. Perhaps 'twas ever so, but we rather think not.

To-day we have taken off the rose-tinted glasses. Youth, unlike its elders, is far from jubilant at post-war prospects as they now appear. Plastics and helicopters and electronics, while affording excellent material for popular science articles, are not expected to speak very strongly in terms of jobs and families and security for some time yet to come. In the meantime cynicism is a barren principle for us to cultivate. While to a large extent buried in the adventure and excitement of war, it can flourish dangerously in the worship of the present and of self that is bound to accompany the post-war unemployment.

Let us then, benefitting from the knowledge we have of the world of those schoolmen of fifty-four years ago, give heed to the future, and as we have been so strongly and so often urged, attempt to play a broader role as engineers in the life of the community. Let us turn to a dual use this analytic faculty, which perhaps unhappily for us, we seem due to circumstances to possess to a greater

extent than did our predecessors. Let us attempt as professional people to shoulder a greater and more vital part of the direction of the community, and let us turn our superficial cynicism into a more constructive form of analysis. Only thus can that profound and uneasy sense of dissatisfaction which is perhaps not alone confined to youth, be sublimated into something greater and better than that which we now know.

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*(Continued from page 6)*

Gradually, however, she struggled through to the tangled environs of jungle at St. Clair and met a real live fang encrusted timber job and stopped to pass the time of day with him and inquire how sales were progressing among the Crees in the Humber Valley. Friend wolf replied that sales were booming, what with the dry season and the reduction of price from one beaver pelt to two schoolmen's scalps per hog's-head. "Those shysters get 'em from Meds and turn 'em in for fire water" he exclaimed. "And where are you off to my pretty one?" asked the bushy boy. "Oh I'm off to see my grandmother who lives in the house on the hill." Wolfie leered knowingly at this and rushed off with nefarious plans in his mind.

So little R.R.H. wandered on and eventually came to the domicile of her beloved grandmother, Moonshine Molly. As she came into the old lady's boudoir, fragrant with the scent of "Evening in Seagrams" she saw at a glance that it wasn't the old lady in bed, but the Wolf. So she promptly pulled out her .45, and despite the wolf's frantic cries of "Lay that Pistol down Babe," shot him dead.

The moral of the story being that it's a lot harder for a wolf to fool little girls nowadays than it used to be!

TORTULLIUS.

## BLUE AND WHITE

### Key C

Old Toronto, Mother ever dear,  
All thy sons thy very name revere.  
Yes, we hail thee, ne'er will fail thee,  
But will seek thy glory with our might.

(Yes we are).

Ever loyal, faithful, frank and strong,  
We will sound thy praises in our song;  
Aye, and cheer both loud and long,  
The Royal Blue and White.

#### *Chorus:*

Shout, Toronto is our university,  
oh shout, men of every faculty,  
Velut arbor aevo, may she ever  
thrive-o,

God forever bless our Alma  
Mater.

Soon our college days will all be past,  
Duty bids us part from friends at last,  
But we'll sever, trusting ever,  
Love for Varsity may us unite.

(Unite us).

Then we'll serve the mother of us all,  
And the merry days of youth recall,  
While, whatever may befall,  
We'll flaunt the Blue and White.



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